

SONNETS, *PAR THE N O P H I*
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SONNET X C I .

THIESE bitter gusts, which vex my
troubled seas, And move with force,
my sorrow's floods to flow; My Fancy's
ship tost here and there by these, Still floats
in danger, ranging to and fro. How fears my
Thoughts' swift pinnace, thine hard rock!
Thine heart's hard rock, least thou mine
Heart (his pilot) Together with himself,
should rashly knock And being quite dead-
stricken, then should cry late, Ah me ! " too
late to thy remorseless self. Now when thy
mercies all been banished, And blown upon
thine hard rock's ruthless shelf; My soul in
sighs is spent and vanished-Be pitiful, alas !
and take remorse ! Thy beauty too much
practiseth his force !

SONNET X C I I .



WILT thou know wonders, by thy beauty
wrought ? Behold (not seen) an endless
burning fire Of Fancy's fuel! kindled with a
thought! Without a flame, yet still inflamed
higher! No flames' appearance, yet continual
smoke ! Drawn cool, to kindle ; breathed out
hot again 1 Two diamonds, which this secret
fire provoke; Making two crystals, with their
heat, to rain ! A skin, where beauteous
Graces rest at ease! A tongue, whose
sweetness mazes all the Muses ! And yet, a
heart of marble matched with these! A
tongue, besides, which sweet replies refuses!
These wonders, by thy beauty wrought alone,
Through thy proud eye, which made thine
heart a stone*